

The Beauty Secrets of Princess

The First of a Series of Instructive Articles by the Princess Fernanda Riabouschinski, "the Most Beautiful Woman in Italy," on the Newest Ways to Create and Preserve Beauty

No. 1—How to Look Like Your Favorite Statue or Picture

The Princess Fernanda Riabouschinski, Called "the Perfect Type of Italian Beauty," Who Will Tell Her Secrets of Health and Loveliness.

the sculptures of the immortals. That argument won. During the beauty competition the city was in the same tense, gala spirit as during a festa.

The distinguishing attribute of Italian beauty is that it is natural. French beauty walks on crutches. It must have aid. It is artificial. The Russians imitate the French. They go a step farther. They borrow the French methods of beauty culture and carry them to extremes.

The Italian woman seeks first of all to be herself. Whatever she is that she tries to be with all her might. She is, we will say, of the buxom type, though that is unusual among the young women of Rome. Very well. Then she does not apologize for her plumpness. She does not try to hide it. She is frankly plump. If she is slender she emphasizes the slenderness. If she is one of the hazy, indefinite kind of girls, who seem merely a nebulous background for a pair of great eyes, she throws those eyes as much into the foreground as possible and becomes, so to speak, a Girl of Eyes.

Whatever the predominant note of her personality that she persistently sounds.

I greatly admire America. I fell in love with it last October when I sailed into its imposing harbor. I have never ceased to love it. Probably I shall always care as much for it as I do to-day. It is so young, so rich in all the frank fascination of youth.

I see in it only one fault. Its women try to be alike. They dress alike, talk alike. I should infer that they think alike. In Italy the women are so very different. They try to be simply, solely themselves. Your Lina Cavalleri, who was of my own city, Rome, has worn her hair in the same way ever since I have seen her lovely picture, and that has been all my life, of twenty-one years. She wore it in that style because it was becoming. It showed outlines of her beautiful head. Hers, not those of her sister, her aunt or the woman who lived farther down the street. I am wearing my hair as I have worn it for ten years, since I was what you would call a little girl in this country, but in my own a very young woman, at eleven. The woman of twenty-one is so much older than your American woman of that age. By all standards save the calendar she is thirty.

The Italian woman is, first, herself. After that her eyes rest with longing upon a statue or painting to which some one—herself or another—has noticed that she bears a resemblance. I, for example, early discovered that there was in my face a resemblance to the "Winged Victory." I studied and modelled myself more and more upon this wonder of Samothrace.

Walk along a street in Rome or stop beside one of its many beautiful fountains, you will meet a working girl, a laborer's daughter, whose noble lines will recall to you a "Minerva" in the Capitol. The psychology of that resemblance is the admiration of Italians for works of art. It is as with music. Every man and woman in Italy loves music and can sing, because all his or her life good music has been within sound of their ears. The Roman children are as much accustomed to beautiful paintings and statues as a farmer's son is to apple trees in the orchard. We become like that which we often see. We form ourselves upon the pattern of our thoughts. The poorest woman in Italy has her favorite "Madonna," and, be assured, it is not one of the most beautiful, but



The Winged Victory of Samothrace and Princess Fernanda in One of the Attitudes by Which She Cultivates the Same Bodily Expression.

one which she in some degree resembles. My childish admiration was fired by the fourteenth century Madonnas. I particularly admired that of Perugini. I studied her attitude, her expression, the soul atmosphere reflected in her eyes. I sat before the mirror and in the same posture as my Madonna. My study and devotion were rewarded. My childish eyes and those of my elders began to note the resemblance.

But that was before I had seen the "Victory" of Samothrace. I fell in love with her at sight, as I did with "America," and for the same reason. She is so vibrant, so alive, so young, so full of the power, of the joy of life. As I walked I would ask myself, "How would she have walked to the Capitol?" The answer was a fine, free gait, a buoyancy of step, when otherwise my step might have lagged and my pace dragged.

The Italian woman's beauty culture is in posture rather than cosmetics. She is content that her complexion, her eyes, her hair be what they are. She wishes to sit and stand and recline as her favorite "Madonna" sits or stands or reclines. Italian beauty study concerns itself little with color.

Nature has been prodigal in that respect to an Italian woman. Its blue, deep blue skies, its radiant sunlight are no more intense of the kind than are her eyes, of the nut-brown hue that Firenze calls the Italian poet, loved; the vermilion of her lips and the olive tints of her cheeks or the shell-like whiteness of her teeth. Italians have

color, and love color. I, for instance, am happy in contrasts of color. Like other Romans, I incline to black, believing that it is a brilliant color if well massed. So, mingling it with much white, I have a combination of color in which my taste revels. I have an evening gown of rich, deep green, embroidered in gold. One of my evening gowns is of brilliant red, with garniture of gold.

Contrasts are magnificent and lead the wearer a regal appearance, if she have the height to wear them. But to do so she must have a stature of five feet five inches, or more. I reiterate that the Italian beauty is of the natural sort and leans but little upon cosmetics. In the dressing room of an Italian gentlewoman you would find fewer toilet bottles than in the nudged little bedroom of a French midinette. She believes that the beauty of the eye is in its placidity as surely as the loveliness of a brow is in its serenity. Therefore you will see on her toilet tables none of the stimulating lotions for the eye that have an element of danger. You will see a small bottle labelled "boracic acid solution." Once this solution was made in rose water, but, becoming alarmed by the adulteration of toilet articles, fearing that some unscrupulous chemist might have used wood alcohol in the mixture, she has a boracic acid solution of water, in the proportions: Pulverized boracic acid crystals, 1 teaspoonful. Hot water that has been boiled. 1 pint.

When she has been motoring, or



Princess Fernanda and the Madonna of Carlo Dolci, Which Is One of Her Models in Facial Expressions.

when her eyes are weary after reading or have been strained in a dim light, she bathes her eyes in this lotion. She may use an eye cup, but her oculist advises that she use a small piece of linen saturated with the lotion.

No Italian girl ever committed the atrocity of having her eyebrows shaved, as did some thoughtless women of your country when it was "the fashion" to trim them into narrow high arches. Indeed, no. Every Italian woman is her own fashion. She wishes her eyebrows to be thick and soft and as straight as nature made them. Accordingly she lets them alone save when she uses a tiny eyebrow brush to brush away the dust from the brows and lashes. These she dips into a bowl of warm water into which she had melted a few drops of vaseline.

The Italian woman, as a rule, cleanses her face with water. She prefers tepid water to either hot or cold water for the face. In a bowl or basin she pours four to six drops of glycerine to aid the cleansing process. And the Italian complexion is a thing of very real beauty.

The Peasants of Palestine.

The actual peasant life of Palestine does not seem to have greatly changed since Bible times, and every village to-day boasts of its upper room, or guest chamber, where the men meet and chat about the local news. These guest chambers have been in vogue since the days of the patriarchs. Farming, of course, is the principal occupation. The Palestine farmer scatters the seed over the ground by hand and then ploughs it in. The ploughs are very primitive and are driven, as a rule, by oxen. A farmer's field is not marked off by a fence, as we understand the farm. In the mountainous country lands are enclosed by loose stone walls, still called by the ancient Hebrew name Jedar, and on the plains by thorn hedges. When the open fields are owned individually the boundary lines are indicated by deep furrows, in which at intervals stones are laid as "landmarks."

The Rainbow.

The time of day or the state of weather when a rainbow appears is believed by many people to be an indication of future weather conditions. According to an old rhyme a rainbow in the morning warns the shepherds to be prepared for rain shortly; an evening rainbow points to fine weather the next day. Sailors believe that a rainbow in the wind is a sure sign of continued wet; if it comes in the opposite quarter the rain will soon stop. Again, if in fair weather a rainbow be seen foul weather will speedily set in, but if the bow appear in foul weather fair weather will be at hand.

Euclid and War.

The following proposition appeared in a recent issue of the "Lyontan," the magazine of the lower school at Harrow, England. A subaltern is one who has position but no magnitude. A Turkish communique lies equally on any point. A trench is that which has length, breadth and stickiness. An observer and a pilot who are in the same line meet in the same plane.

THE Princess Riabouschinski, the author of "The Beauty Secrets of a Princess," is a native of Rome, a city famous for its beautiful women. She is known as "the most beautiful woman in Italy." Some admirers of her type of beauty have called her "the most beautiful woman in the world."

Princess Fernanda Riabouschinski may be termed a citizeness of the world. She was born in Rome, the daughter of Chevalier Rocchi, an Italian professor and diplomat, and a beautiful Italian woman, who died three weeks after her daughter's birth. She went to school in

London. After her marriage to the wealthy Prince Nicholas Riabouschinski, whose family is known as the "J. Pierpont Morgans of Russia," she lived in Paris. She resided for a time in Moscow and Petrograd. She travelled extensively, including Japan and China and India in her tours.

In this world-wide experience the lovely young Princess, who is but twenty-one, has studied the methods of beauty culture of many countries. She has asked the Russian woman the secret of her world-famous fascination. She has inquired of the meticulous Paris-

ienne what are her standards of beauty and how she attains them. She has learned from the English woman the athletic foundation of her wholesome comeliness. In Japan she has asked of the flower garlanded Japanese maidens the secrets of their attractiveness. She has pierced the inscrutability of the beauties of East India and even of the almond-eyed damsels of the nobility of China.

What she has learned the Princess Riabouschinski has set forth in a series of captivating and instructive articles for this newspaper.

In a beauty competition, was overcome by an appeal to what is a still deeper feeling of pride in the pre-eminence of the beauty of its women. Those who were eager to bring about the beauty contest pointed out that the aim was to show how classical is the type of the Roman woman's beauty. That it equalled the beauty of the Madonnas of the master painters and

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By Princess Fernanda Riabouschinski

ITALIAN women are famous for their beauty. It is possible that in no country is the ratio of beautiful women of the entire population so large. I, who have travelled nearly all over the world, have seen nowhere so many beauties as in my own country. Italy is known, in the polite world, as "the country of beautiful women."

What Italy is to the countries in

the matter of the beauty of its women, Rome is to the Italian cities. Within a few years Rome held a beauty contest. No event, not even the war, more greatly roused the people. It was an innovation. Italy dislikes startling innovations. The taste and traditions of the people, their reluctance to permit their women such publicity as is involved